

SALEM NEWS.

F. A. LOVELOCK, Agent and Correspondent.

SALEM ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. ERNEST WALKER,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Insurance, Real Estate and Collecting. Room
212 and 214, College building, College avenue.
7-5 ft.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

A FIRST-CLASS INVESTMENT.

We offer the best security in the city
and pay semi-annual dividends.

AS A SAVINGS BANK

this institution offers special inducements.
Paid up shares \$50 each. In-
stallment shares \$1 per month. Shares
may be subscribed for at any time. For
further information address

THE PEOPLE'S PERPETUAL LOAN
AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

WM. F. WINCH,
Secretary and Treasurer.
Masonic Temple Jan 4 11

JAPANESE
PILE
CURE

A New and Complete Treatment, consisting of
SUPPOSITORIES, Capsules of Ointment and Piles
of every nature and degree. It makes an operation
with the knife or injections of carbolic acid, which
are painful and seldom a permanent cure, and often
resulting in death, unnecessary. **We guarantee 6
boxes to cure any case.** You only pay for
benefits received. \$1 a box, 6 for \$5. Sent by mail.
Guarantee issued only by

CONSTIPATION Cured, Piles Prevented.
The great LIVER and STOMACH REGULATOR and
BLOOD PURIFIER. Small, mild and pleasant to
take, especially adapted for children's use. 60 Doses
25 cents.

GUARANTEES issued only by
4 19 1y CHRISTIAN & BARBEE.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS
TO GO WEST.

Salem having been connected with
Roanoke by electric cars, which as-
sures cheap and rapid transit to par-
ties living in Salem and working in
Roanoke, and as Salem can give in her
different factories employment to a
large number of young ladies; also
cheap homes either to renters or buyers.
This in connection with her cheap
markets make it very desirable to the
majority of us just now. For further
information address box 66, Salem, Va.
\$ 10 law 1mo

Excursion to Atlantic City.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad
Company announces a low rate excursion
to Atlantic City on Thursday, July 20.
The train service provided for the
occasion will be unexcelled, and the
country through which passengers
travel is without a rival in the pic-
turesqueness and variety of its scenery.
Tickets will be valid for return journey
twelve days, and will permit stop over
at Washington on return journey, afford-
ing an opportunity to visit the public
buildings, which are open to visitors free
of charge, and to take a trip down to
Mt. Vernon, the tomb of Washington,
as well as visit other places of interest
near Washington. For rates and times
of trains consult appended table:

LEAVE.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE.
Lexington	5 15	10 10		\$10.00
Staunton	7 01	11 58	9 51	
Mt. Sidney	7 21	12 20	9 30	
Cave Station	7 36	12 33	9 11	
Mt. Crawford	7 46	12 48	9 30	
Harrisonburg	8 11	1 09	9 15	
Broadway	8 20	1 30	9 05	
New Market	8 25	1 55	8 51	
Quickburg	9 02	2 03	8 50	
Mt. Jackson	9 13	2 13	8 50	
Woodstock	9 43	2 41	7 55	
Tom Brook	9 57	3 01	7 55	
Strasburg	10 12	3 08	7 40	
Capon Road	10 21	3 26	7 39	
Middletown	10 26	3 41	7 30	
Winchester	6 00 11 00	4 12	6 50	
Harper's Ferry	7 48 12 20	5 23	5 50	

Correspondingly low rates from other
stations. Pullman buffet parlor car
from Staunton to Philadelphia on after-
noon train. For more detailed infor-
mation apply to C. E. Dudrow, traveling
passenger agent, Winchester, Va.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

Upon receipt of your address and
fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will
mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio
of the World's Columbian Exposition,
the regular price is fifty cents, but as
we want you to have one, we make the
price normal. You will find it a work
of art and a thing to be prized. It con-
tains full page views of the great build-
ings, with description of same, and is
executed in highest style of art. If not
satisfied with it, after you get it, we
will refund the stamps and let you keep
the book. Address H. E. BUCKLEN &
Co., Chicago, Ill.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New
Discovery know its value, and those who
have not, have now the opportunity to
try it free. Call on the advertised drug-
gist and get a trial bottle, free. Send
your name and address to H. E. Bucklen
& Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of
Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well
as a copy of Guide to Health and House-
hold Instructor, free. All of which is
guaranteed to do you good and cost you
nothing. Christian & Barbee.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts,
bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever
sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains,
corns and all skin eruptions, and pos-
sibly cures piles or no pay required.
It is guaranteed to give perfect satis-
faction or money refunded. Price, 25
cents per box. For sale by Christian &
Barbee.

W. P. DROW, druggist, Springfield,
Mass., writes: "Japanese Pile Cure has
cured lady, 7 years afflicted; could not
walk half mile in last 3 years; now
walks any distance." Sold by Christian
& Barbee.

EAGLE dairy restaurant and ice cream
parlor, 144 Salem avenue, best tables
service in the city. Breakfast, 25 cents;
dinner, 35 cents; supper, 25. Parties
served. C. T. LUKENS, proprietor.

A TEXAS NORTHER.

We were riding along the middle fork
of the Concho, Lieutenant Ward of the
Tenth cavalry, Caswell, chief clerk at
the post sutler's, and myself. We had
been out after antelope without success
and late in the afternoon found ourselves
some 20 miles from Fort Concho, men
and mounts tired with a day's pounding
over the plains. Private Bilkins, whom
the lieutenant had taken along to spread
our noonday lunch and lead the pack
horse, rode at the rear, his big gray fol-
lowing with the faithfulness of a troop
horse, while the pack animal bore no
heavier a burden than a pair of jack rab-
bits which Caswell had ignominiously
potted.

A blast of air, so cold that it seemed
to almost freeze one's blood, rushed over
us just as the sun was hidden on the
horizon by the advancing cloud. A band
of cattle, 200 or more in compact mass,
plunged madly past, their heads near
the ground and their long horns shining
in the glow of the false twilight. Crash,
through the underbrush, splash, through
the stream, and then wildly on toward
the southward tore the cattle.

Over a swell of the plains came other
herds all running like race horses. An-
telope, whose fleet feet and farreaching
vision had been their own protection and
the cause of our failure all the day,
skipped the ground, their white tails
bobbing with their nimble bounds. To
the southward, always to the southward
fled the creatures of the plains as if in
flight lay safety from the blast, as if
flesh and blood could outspeed the ice
wind.

"She's coming!" exclaimed the lieuten-
ant. Inelegant, perhaps, but save in its
unwarranted designation of a meteorolo-
gical gender entirely truthful. Turn-
ing our horses sharply to the right and
restraining at the beginning their sym-
ptoms of a desire to bolt, we rode into
the thickest of the timber and then east-
ward at a gallop which lacked little of a
lively run. Colder blew the north wind.
Blast driven drops of rain began to slap
our cheeks with their stinging picket
warnings that the storm was nearly up-
on us, and we were anxiously looking
for some embankment along the stream
which would partially shelter us under
its lee when Bilkins wantonly broke the
rules and regulations of the service by
treating his superior officer in a most
flippant and unmilitary manner. His
big gray bounded by, the packhorse
keeping noble time to giant leaps.
"Come on," yelled Bilkins. There's a
house!"

He doubtless added something more,
but his words, like the cattle, went to
the southward. We overtook Bilkins in
50 yards and in 50 more ended a wild
race to a miserable shanty which the
sharp eyes of the soldier had seen.
Before we could dismount half a dozen
men came out, and the cheery voice
of Captain Hall was heard: "Just in
time, lieutenant! Boys, help the gentle-
men with their horses."

Five minutes later the animals were
safe in a corral near the shanty, from
which they could not escape during the
storm, and we were in the house, where
Captain Hall and a detail of state rangers
had taken refuge. A fire was soon roar-
ing in the old fireplace, for the fierce
wind without caused a magnificent draft.
Darkness and the storm. Men rolled
in saddle blankets and sleeping on the
dirt floor. The dreary drip of drops
which came through the leaking roof.
And the roar added to the blast, and the
ground trembles as a herd of bellowing
cattle thunders past.

"What a night and what a storm!"
said Captain Hall. "I pity any cowboy
who is caught out tonight. No man
could live through such a northern un-
less he was muffled like an Eskimo."

We didn't know it then, but later we
learned that all alone a woman was rid-
ing through the night, while we huddled
in the shanty. The bitter wind, rain
which froze where it fell, even death in
the darkness, were defied by a love which
bore a woman to warn as worthless a
scoundrel as lived in Texas.

A long time Captain Hall gazed at the
fire, his big eyes looking bigger in the
blaze. Very innocent eyes were his,
mild and liquid like a maiden's. This
leader of the rangers, captain of a dar-
ing band of reckless riders whose mis-
sion was the capture of desperate out-
laws, had the face of a poet and the eyes
of a schoolgirl. At length he said, un-
consciously using the local vernacular:

"You all better see this thing out. We
are after a man who is wanted for some
score of crimes, big and little. Life at
Fort Concho must be rather dreary. Get
up, guard, mount, drill, the sunset
gun, tips, go to bed. Isn't that about
the routine? Come with us in the morn-
ing and see us catch Jack Brown. He's
at a ranch some four miles from Johnson
station and about eight miles from here.
We'll surround the ranchhouse as soon
as it's light, and if there's any shooting
you can watch it from the timber. Then
we'll all go back to the fort together.
We'll have breakfast at the ranch, and
that will be worth staying over for. See
us capture Brown and get your break-
fast."

"You forget I am a soldier," replied
Lieutenant Ward, somewhat nettled,
"and would hardly hide behind a tree
while a dozen men captured a single out-
law."

"Pshaw," said Captain Hall. "It isn't
in the line of your duty to expose your-
self to the bullets of any cattle thief the
rangers may arrest. I don't suppose
there will be any resistance, but I never
could forgive myself if any of you gen-
tlemen came to harm. I reckon I was
thinking as much of your breakfast as
of our own mission. It's a long ride to
the fort on an empty stomach."

I remembered this Jack Brown as a
long haired, ignorant product of the
mesquite; a drunken loafer, a cheap
gambler and a swaggering bully, but
really dangerous; a man who was ready
to shoot on small provocation and proud
of his reputation as a second class des-
perado. While Captain Hall was talk-
ing I had a vision of a swarthy, black
haired man dressed like a cowboy, who

was slapping the face of a Mexican girl.
The girl was crouching against the adobe
wall of Morris' dance hall at San Angelo
and offering no resistance to his blows,
but only cried, "Oh, Jack! Jack!" A
dozen men stood near, but none offered
to interfere. I remembered that I ac-
tually started for the pair, intending in
some vague way to protest, but ere I
reached them the man entered the dance
hall. Five minutes afterward the girl
was paying for his liquor at the bar, and
I was congratulating myself that I had
escaped from perpetrating one of the
most foolish acts of my life.

The girl was known as "Press," a half
caste Mexican creature, who gave Brown
the larger share of her earnings, bore his
blows with meekness and would have
driven a stiletto into the man who con-
quered him in an encounter. But Hall
was saying:

"We learned at San Angelo yesterday
that Brown was at the cattle ranch.
Sergeant Watson got quite thick with
the girl Press, but she knew nothing
about Brown or pretended ignorance.
We intended to reach the ranch at sun-
set, but the norther stopped us."

"That girl Press is devoted to Brown
and would raise money some way to
bribe a Mexican to warn him, but money
would not hire a Mexican, or any other
man, to face this norther, so there is no
danger that he will be on guard. He
cannot escape unless he was caught out
on the range in the storm and is now at
some other ranch."

There was only a faint glow in the
east when we mounted our horses next
morning. The norther had spent its fury,
and the promise of a pleasant day was
borne on the soft winds of the south.
Only a faint tremor, a lingering chill in
the early air, as if the trees and grass
were shaking off the coldness of the
night. A sharp ride to the westward,
and just as the scarlet banners of the
sun were seen in the horizon we drew
rein in the wood some hundred yards
from the house where Jack Brown was
supposed to be hiding. The ranchhouse
was a wretched thing constructed of up-
right poles, the cracks being filled with
mud. At the rear a shed with a sloping
roof. The house had been built within
a few feet of the stream where the bank
was some 12 feet high. A door in the
front room opened to the southward;
one in the shed to the north.

Like Indians surrounding the cabin of
the settler, the rangers stationed them-
selves in the form of a horseshoe around
the house, the "points," or "heels" of the
shoe resting on the bank of the stream
when the rear door could be commanded
by a cross fire. I confess I felt, as I
watched these preparations, very much
as I imagine a robber must feel while he
reconnoiters a dwelling when intent
upon some unlawful undertaking. Ev-
erything was ready. Captain Hall, Lieut-
enant Ward, Caswell and four rangers
rode to the front of the house and
stopped some hundred feet from the
door. Then, for the first time, we saw
a horse tied to a post near the doorway.
Steam was rising from its sides; low
drooping head and hollow flanks showed
that the brute had been ridden long and
hard.

"One of the men has just got home,"
whispered Captain Hall as he dismount-
ed. Accompanied by three of the rangers,
while the fourth held the horses, he
walked to the door.

"Hello!" was the response to his knock.
A short parley, a demand for admittance,
a profane reply and then the sharp re-
port of a rifle. One of the rangers turned
his back toward the house, took one step
and fell heavily on his face. Crash! A
dozen Winchester sent a dozen bullets
into the house. Some struck the poles,
but a few found their way through the
mud mended cracks. No order to seek
shelter of a tree was needed now. In
two minutes Lieutenant Ward and Cas-
well had added their rifles to the fire,
and after it was all over I found that the
magazine of my own Winchester was empty.

The passion of a man hunt conquers, as
it always will until the evolution of
time the intoxication of battle is out-
bred from human nature. I don't know
how long we fired or how long the
answering shots came from the shanty,
but suddenly the door was flung inward,
and a man stepped boldly out.

An instant the rifles cooled. I saw
Jack Brown's gaudy sombrero, its wide
rim and massive crown glistening with
silver ornaments. Black hair hanging to
the shoulders, the leather "chaps" of
a cowboy, and then—straight outward
shot two arms, gleaming black eyes
sighted two heavy colts, and at their
report a ranger dropped his rifle because
a bullet had shattered an arm. Then a
volley.

The broad hat slipped downward over
the black eyes, straight up in the air
two pistols sent their harmless lead and
to the ground in a heap sank the body.

The rangers on guard at the rear ran
toward the front when their cars told
them the outlaw had braved his fate.
We gathered around the fallen man, all
honoring in our hearts the hopeless dar-
ing of his death, and Captain Hall lifted
the sombrero from his face.

"The devil!" he yelled. "Run to the
rear, boys!"

Too late! Idle to beat the bush. Use-
less a hasty hunt through the timber.
Long afterward we knew that from the
limb of an oak, around which a wild
grapevine had woven its dense foliage,
Jack Brown saw a sight which would
have redeemed a being worth, in the
broad economy of eternal time, the trou-
ble of redemption.

Love had faced that awful storm.
Love had done its best to bring a warn-
ing. Love laid down its life that a mis-
erable and worse than worthless man
might spring out of a door, plunge over
an embankment and hide in a tree.

As tenderly as if her life had been all
purity and her soul all untouched by
sin we bore her body to the fort, and the
next day, decently dressed in the gar-
ments of her sex, the body of Press was
consigned to an unmarked grave on a
barren hill not many yards from the spot
where Brown used to beat her.

And no larger funeral had been seen
on the frontier.—C. W. Hunter in Short
Stories.

REASONS

Why You Should Advertise in

THE ROANOKE TIMES.

CIRCULATION.

It has the largest circulation of any daily in
Virginia west of Richmond.

SIZE.

It is the largest daily in Virginia—eight
pages, forty-eight columns.

NUMBER OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

It prints a larger number of advertisements
than any daily south of the Potomac and east
of the Mississippi, three only excepted.

PATRONAGE.

It prints a larger number of advertisements
than any other daily printed in a city of 25,000
inhabitants in America.

A CHALLENGE.

It challenges comparison with any daily in
America printed in a city of 25,000.

THE BIG FOUR.

Coal, Iron, Timber, Blue Grass.

REASONS

Why You Do Not Advertise in THE ROANOKE TIMES:

BECAUSE you don't know that Southwest Virginia has
within ten years grown 200,000 in population and received

EIGHTY MILLION DOLLARS

of foreign capital.

BECAUSE you don't know that THE TIMES is the repre-
sentative organ of that population and that capital.

BECAUSE you don't know that this new population pre-
sents the most fertile advertising field in America.

REASONS

WHY YOU SHOULD READ

The Roanoke Times.

CIRCULATION.

It has the largest circulation of any daily in
Virginia west of Richmond.

SIZE.

It is the largest daily in Virginia—eight
pages, forty-eight columns.

NEWS.

It prints a larger amount of news than any
daily south of the Potomac and east of the Mis-
sissippi in any city the size of Roanoke.

PATRONAGE.

It prints a larger number of advertisements
than any other daily printed in a city of 25,000
inhabitants in America.

A CHALLENGE.

It challenges comparison with any daily in
America printed in a city of 25,000.

THE BIG FOUR.

Coal, Iron, Timber, Blue Grass.

REASONS

Why You Do Not Read THE ROANOKE TIMES:

BECAUSE you don't know that Roanoke has within ten
years become the third largest city in Virginia.

Because you don't know that THE TIMES is the repre-
sentative organ of Southwest Virginia.

Because you don't know that THE TIMES is the best
paper in Virginia, outside of Richmond.